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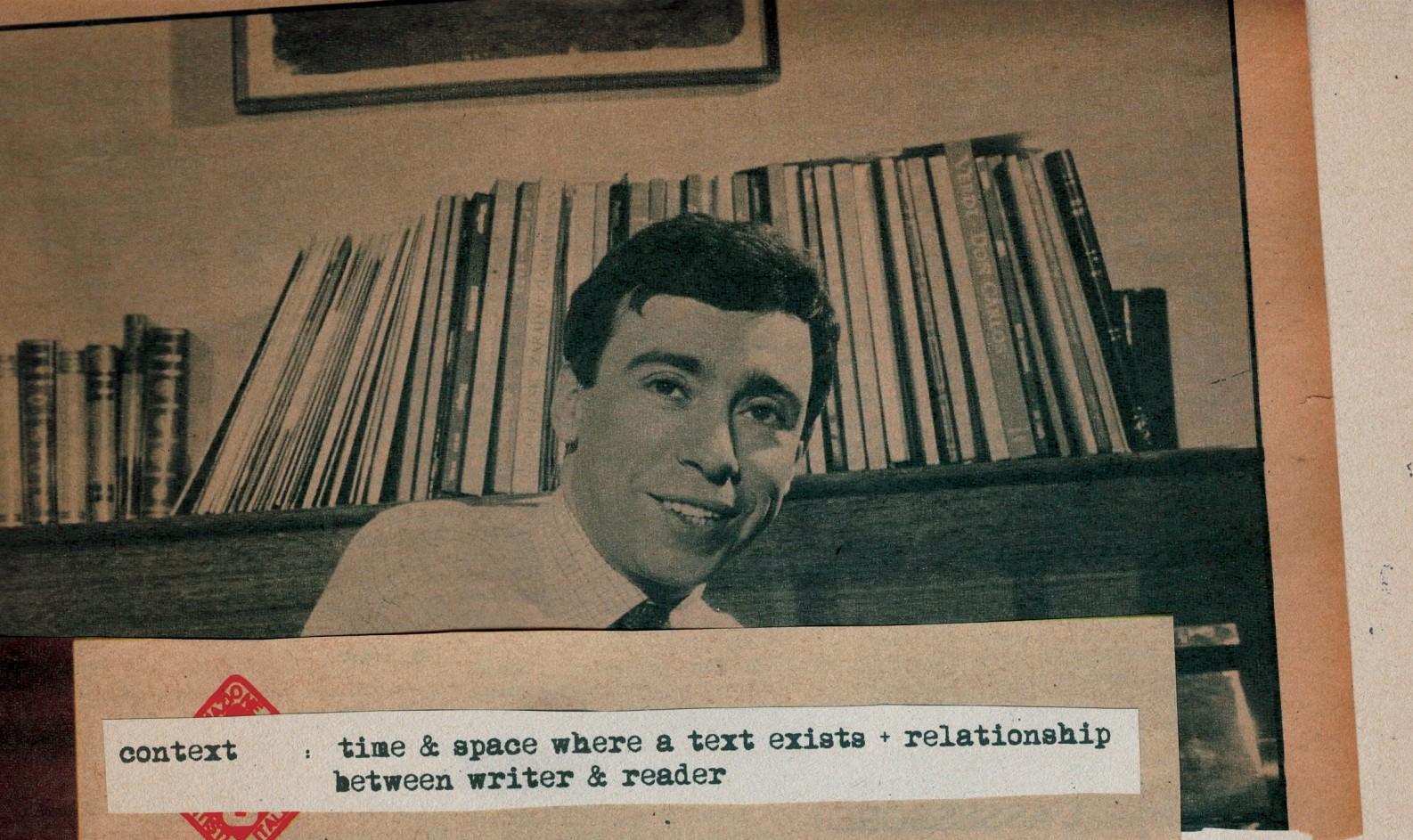
BAD
Selected
Beemc



OBJECT :

P A R A D I S E

DIES
WHEN
THE
MOMENT
DOES.



context : time & space where a text exists + relationship between writer & reader

language : contextually dependent, subjective and changing

writers : producers who use language & convention to be subjected

convention : the control of language-use for a given context, recognized by the users

readers : receivers who subject conventional and contextual awareness to a text

meaning : a personal response derived from holistic experience of a text in context

poetry : a social label to express shared personal responses in the witnessing of the appropriation of convention to achieve a new purpose in a shared context

Deliberazione del
14 Giugno 1964-Roma



S.
I want to die like Jim Morrison.
Even if people defecate on my grave
And have uninhibited sex on my plot.
He was better off than Elvis;
I'd rather be caught dead
In the bathtub than on the toilet.

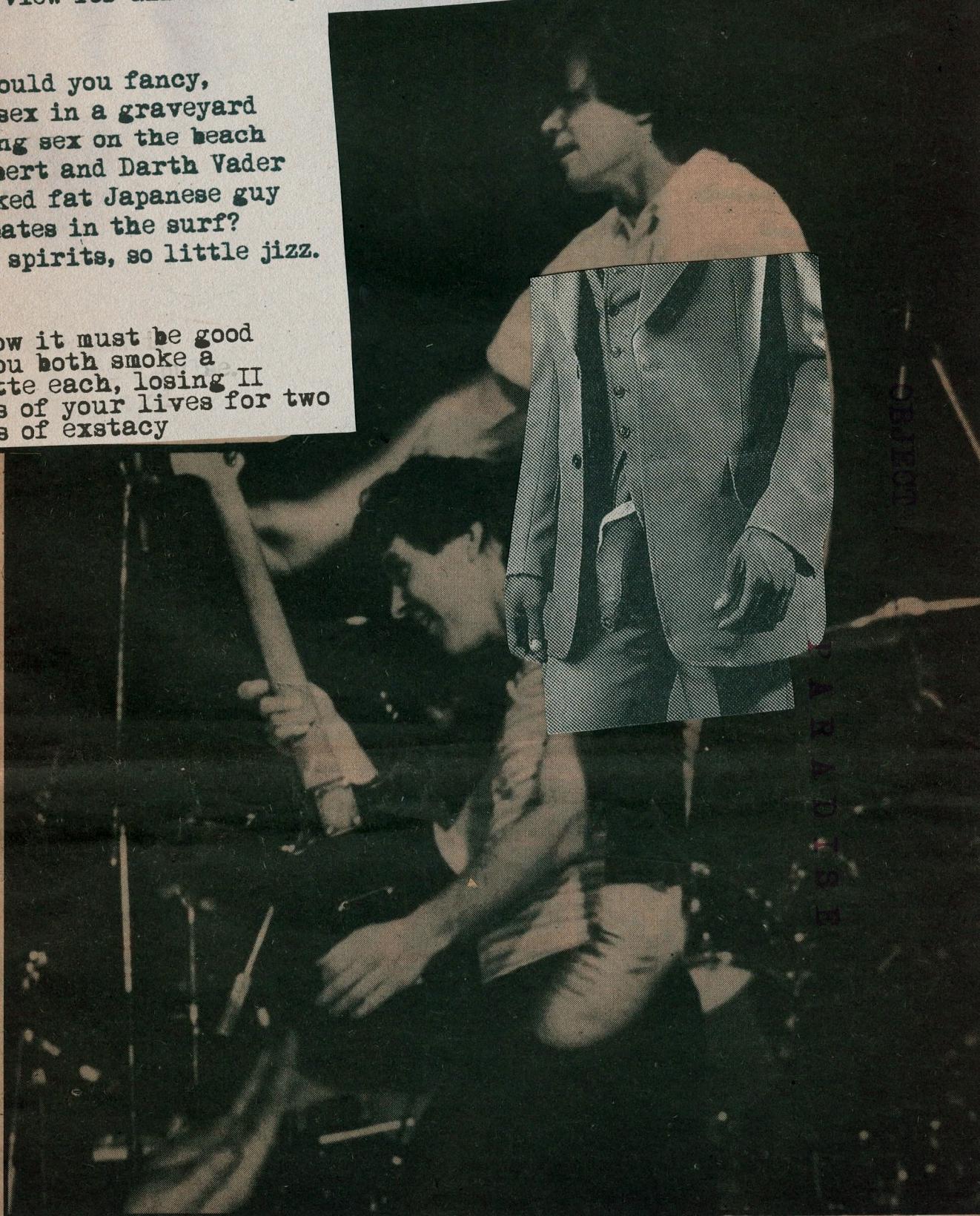
SL.
If you're superstitious, you still
Show respect for the dead.

Only the damned can't view the free porn
Because they constantly lose the vertical hold.
Pay-per-view for all eternity, indeed.

SLA.
Which would you fancy,
Having sex in a graveyard
Or having sex on the beach
With Q-bert and Darth Vader
As a naked fat Japanese guy
Masturbates in the surf?
So many spirits, so little jizz.

SLAB.
You know it must be good
when you both smoke a
cigarette each, losing 11
minutes of your lives for two
minutes of exstacy

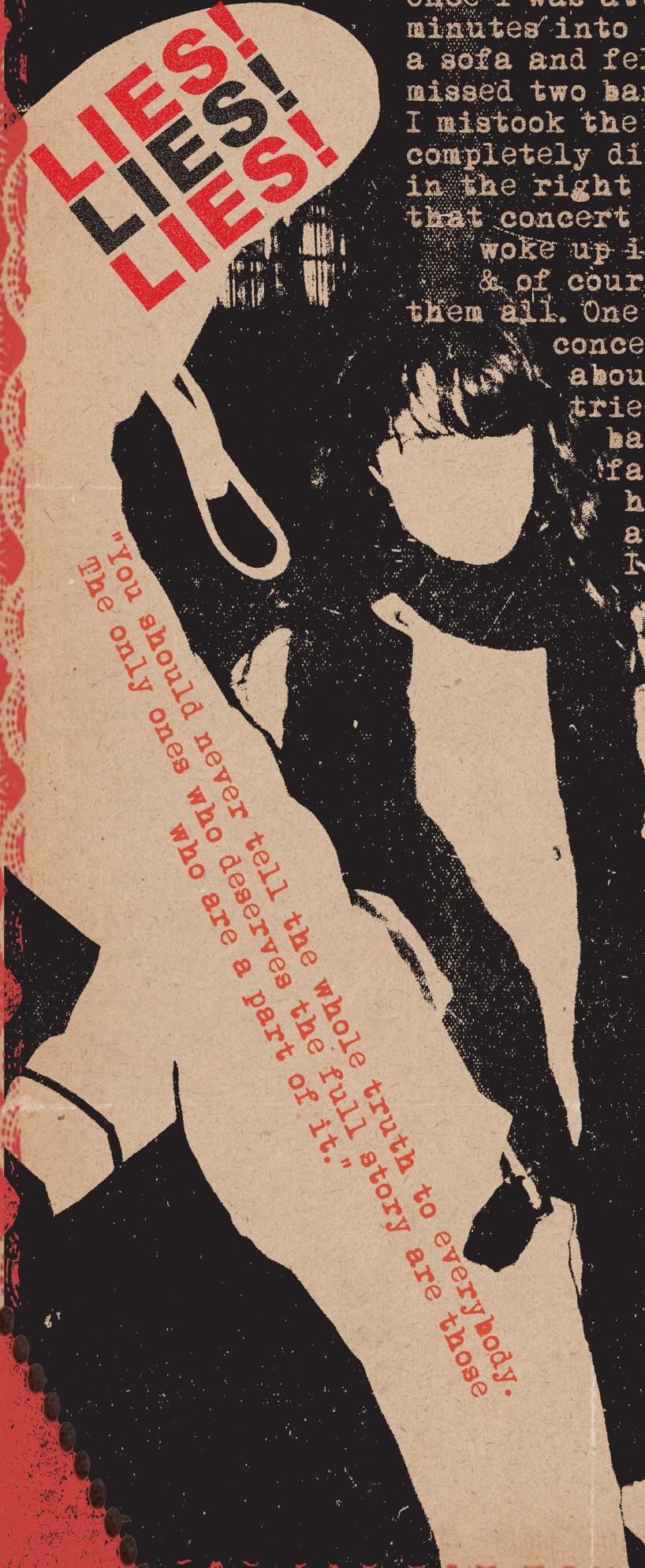
VARIATIONS OF SEX IN A GRAVEYARD
(Or ODE TO A TASTY BEVERAGE)



Once I was atta show & after five minutes into the first song I dove into a sofa and fell asleep. another time I missed two bands out of three, because I mistook the venue and watched some completely different show thinking I'm in the right place. There was also that concert where I passed out and woke up in the ambulance.

& of course i wrote reports about them all. One day I woke up after some concert with complete amnesia about the whole evening. So I tried to write about it

basing the review on my fabricated conclusion about how the show would've actually been. In the end, I created a completely fake event. Nobody recognized it, including the people who were actually there. I took the story further when I spoke to attendees personally and successfully shared with them details about a show that I totally pulled out of my ass. They believed me & actually they added some details to the lie, even tho they were fucking there and had to know I wasn't telling the truth. Suddenly we shared a specific visual experience of a us in a memory that didn't even exist.



"You should never tell the whole truth to everybody. The only ones who deserve a part of it."



In the village where I was raised, there was a popular myth about a Nazi airplane which crashed and sunk in the local pond at the end of the war. Nobody actually saw it, but everyone knew it. During the next sixty years or so, the locals developed and attached their own little tales about it.

Some said they pulled parts of the plane from the water while fishing. My grandad, for example had a story about his daring jump into the pond where he touched the wing of the sunken machine. Shit like that.

Few years later the pond was drained and they really found this jet there. Nobody was especially happy about it though. They liked it more as a shared common myth that everybody could attach their own fabricated stories.

During the same time my father started to collect little tales and trivias from and around the village and in each of those he incorporated a small, but important lie. "You should never tell a whole truth to everybody. The only ones who deserves a full story are those who are a part of it."

That lead me to the day I described some music event to somebody that I totally made up while i was describing it. And during that one of my friends started to add additional elements, unaware of my lie. Nobody laughed in the end. The event just had just been created.

My favourite theory about the dead internet is demonstrated through these two hard-working mallhats left alone in some long forgotten website where they are trying to conform each other, creating non-existing things just to find out what satisfied the other. There's something touching in it.

And there's these two friends spontaneously creating a memory of an event which didn't happen, trying to satisfy each other in a dead world. There's something almost touching in it.

Confession of a waitress

"I don't remember anything
and I can't read my own handwriting
I don't know how I do this"

II in the morning and grandmother is hiding her flask in plain sight
as Mia whispers in the corner

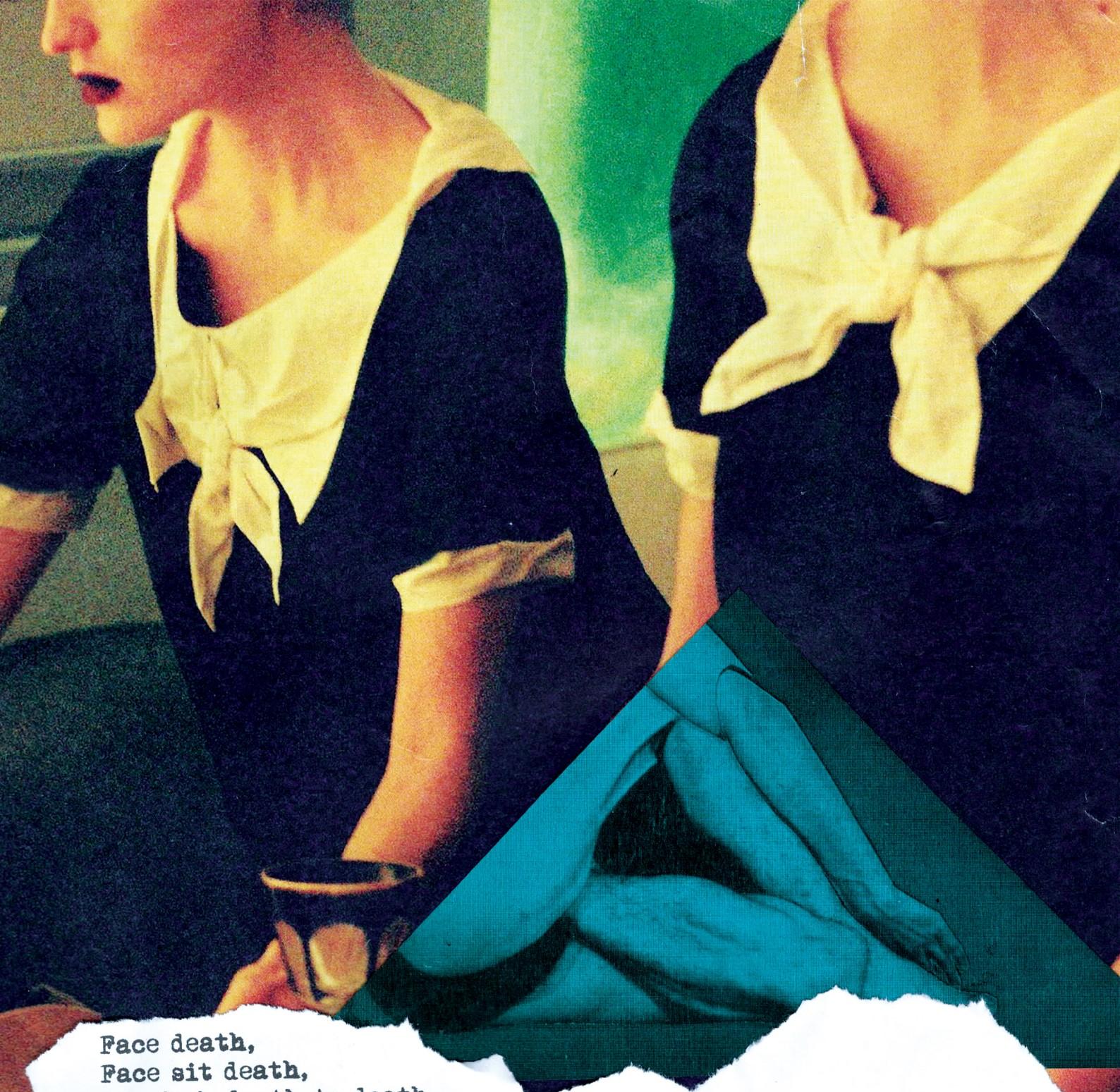
about me
or about grandmother
or about the seagulls
who pretend to be sheep
while the sheep pretend to be polar bears
and the polar bears pretend to be extinct

I steal the flask
at eleven it feels about time
to learn grandmothers secrets

Mother died this morning
and now I worry if
they'll reject my card
at the potraviny

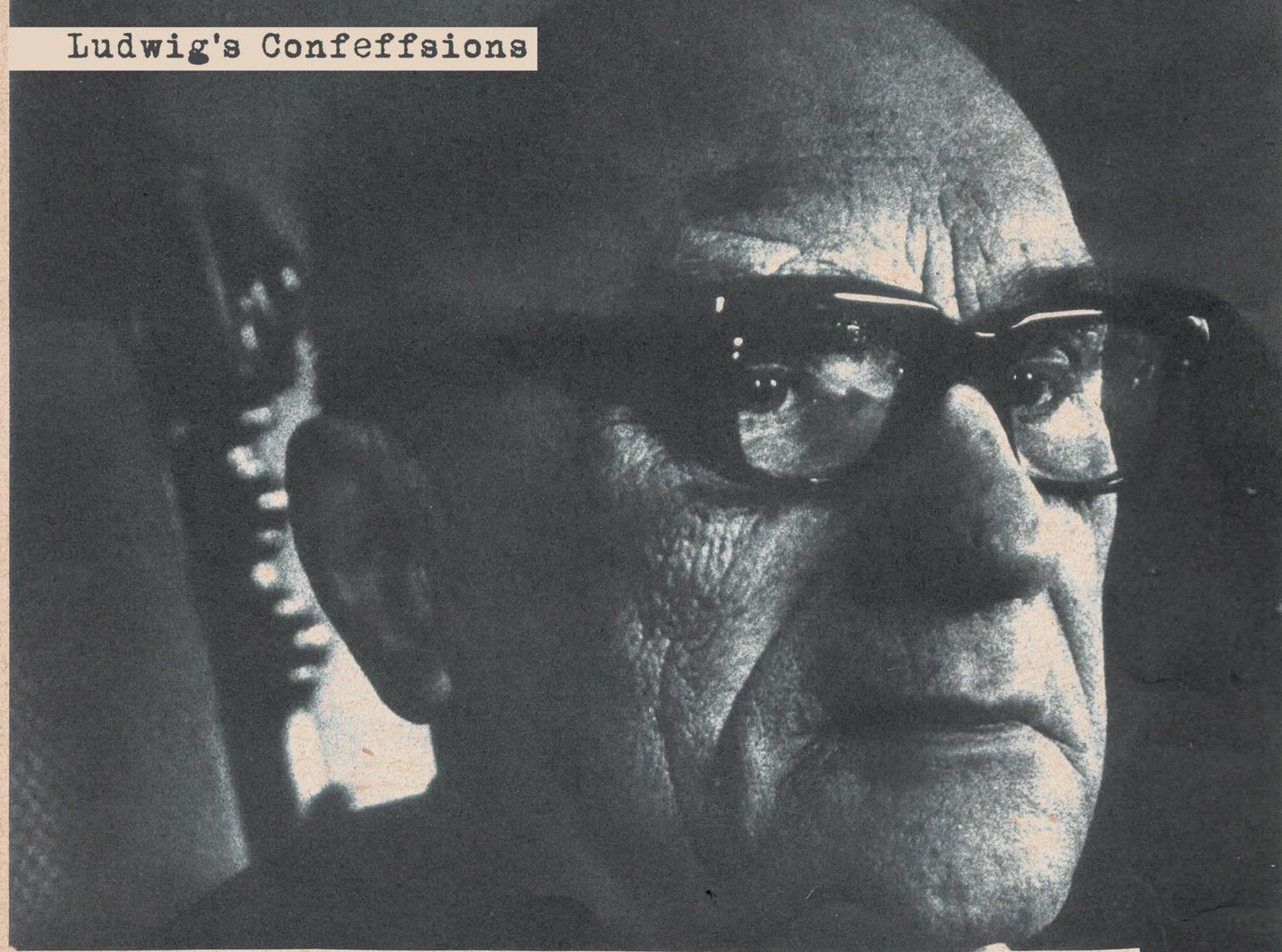
Interruption

when pandemics
don't stop people anymore
from going to funerals
poverty still
keeps the black sheeps away



Face death,
Face sit death,
Ass feck death to death,
Make sweet & kinky love to lady death,
Dance tango with a fat & juicy joint in your lipsticked lipsmacked
goh,
Inhaaale--exhaaale
Now kiss lady death
In your lap she sits whispering wonders of eternity,
Through your astral krotch she singeth & shineth forth sublime
beams of tantric joy, *chakra*
As you squirm in painful pleasure;
--Life enabled by lady death.

Ludwig's Confessions



Every friday, I spend the afternoon walking thru the shopping mall. I like to perform private case studies: how efficient is their advertising? Should I just go in and walk around out of respect? When's the last time someone bought THEM something? One time I let three ladies pamper my forearms with six separate perfumes, all of which smelt like various assortments of fake flowers. "And which can you see your mother wearing? And your wife? Do you have a wife? I politely declined but extended my hand and said, "congratulations. You almost got me. Next time, ladies" They always have such bright white teeth. Sometimes I get my shoes shined by the free shiner near the bathrooms in the east wing. "Unfortunately the brown polish has been out since Spring," I tell the elderly man leaving the bathroom. He looks at me and shakes his head in disbelief. The soup place opens at 11, and they're always expecting me. The shopping mall is a relatively new thing but human connection isn't, I tell the Vietnamese lady as she hands over my pho. She might not speak English good. The starbucks on the first floor has an amazing indoor outdoor patio arrangement with a ceramic water feature that I like to look at. "You did a great job," I tell woman who sweeps the hall near the children's corner, and ask her, "Hey do you know if they're playing Pat & Mat today--I love that episode where they drop the keys into the sewer and then both fall in trying to retrieve them. They seem like such great friends." I can't wait till next week.



Somehow--they Kept Writing--He woke up, and somehow that year, met Bohumil, met the scrappy poets or the Striped Bandits and basement dreamers--Wild--flowers falling from their pockets, faded but still burning--Surrealism with two passports (0 Visas), smuggled between Geneva and Prague--Geneva on the cover, but Prague hidden inside-- Somehow, they all knew each other--Viktor, Jáchym, Ivan-- passing plain, black-covered books so nobody not meant for it would be interested--And somehow, Václav Havel knew, signed copies in alleyways, passed them hand to hand like cigarettes--Masterpieces, comics, plays, chewed pieces of paper smuggled out of prison under the tongue of a suspicious lover--ideas too sharp to say out loud, thoughts slightly translated--And somehow, it kept going: the underground meetups, the secret (or not-so-secret) police always around the edges--Words carved in notebooks, stashed in hidden spots--Yeah, they all knew each other, somehow, names scribbled on bathroom walls-- and somehow, they kept writing, kept waking up, knowing the year that was coming--wild kids, faded flowers, still in bloom, somehow.

An expert in weird dancing

the air is thick with synths



Nový romantismus

The wingbeat of a female /
French toast soft and juicy

Conveyor Belt to be Installed, Charles Bridge

(MALA STRANA) To streamline Prague's bustling tourism industry, the Ministry of Tourism has unveiled a plan to install a conveyor belt stretching from Staroměstská to the Prague Castle.

This "travelator," or horizontal escalator, is designed to let visitors experience all of Prague's historic beauty without the pain of walking. With one smooth ride, tourists can now marvel at the city's famous monuments while comfortably standing in place.

However, ethical concerns have been raised about the project. A health advocate has proposed installing chairs with cup holders on the conveyor belt to ensure tourists' safety and comfort. These premium seats could even generate additional revenue, as select spots could be offered at higher prices.

Further enhancements to the travelator experience are also being considered, such as incorporating a Thai fish pedicure that uses bacteria-eating fish, and 24-hour access to an onboard cannabis kiosk.

Casual, Transparent, Ethical, Non-binding, Temporary, Bilateral Non-monogamous, Heteroflexible Encounters on the Rise Among White, Heterosexual Couples.

That's it. That's the report.



The Rise of Anti-anti Art

(MUZEUM) In an unexpected move, the anti-art and art establishment have joined forces, stating that their acts of opposition to each other is exactly what keeps both parties capable of contributing to culture.

Both parties agreed that both forms of 'art' and 'anti-art' require the other for their works to have quality.

"We aren't admitting defeat, however," stated curator Jan Rabas, "but, it was time that we clearly stated what we think is not art."

Anti-art representative Jan Palas echoed the sentiment, "we thank the establishment because it gives us something to be against."

Both groups expressed interest in opening up a new anti-anti-art exhibit which would be a conceptual space not open to the public.



Amerika Elects New Presidenticko



(WASHINGTON) Last week, under blankies and behind locked doors, Americans witnessed the election of their new presidenticko: Donald Trump.

Trump, the soon-to-be 46th presidenticko of Americko, ran on a platform that clearly stated the real problem to the failing state: other people.

Kamala Harris, Trump's oppenticko, ran on a similar platform, but instead of focusing on other people, she focused on people who used to be other people.

It was soon revealed that Americans want protection from other people, not from people who used to be other people.

Trump plans to unite the American people by strictly defining "other" and "people" through deportickos, deregulatikos, and a commitment to becoming another, better, and greater Americko.

The phenomenon of other people has been growing steadily across the world, and, according to the United Nations, most countries now have other people inside of them, and we should expect to see simialir political movements in other countries.

NOT MY PRESIDENTIČKO



not my presidentičko dragging their prolapsed central shakra behind them as they gawk thru palladium buying top trade top quality fair made slave trade preaching god-save-marry eating a bacon eggncheese--animal style.

not my presidentičko fucking a virgin cow with their fist up its anus to arrange the cervix to fix raped bull seed immediately in for a 2\$ double cheese--baby please.

not my presidentičko who left stool in the Bila Dum & lube to varnish the prescriptive prejudice, dragging the loose fucking lefties through Zara to the oscars, nauseated off Bezos ozempic to look cute & post it for our republican cousins.

not my presidentičko pledging allegiance to the full cucked made-in-america algorithym and moderated by putin's extending arm that jacks off good and whispers 'god bless amerika', licking the uretha wound, serving the zuckerlord in the rage-bait economy & yapping crap for affirmation in the culture echo haven.



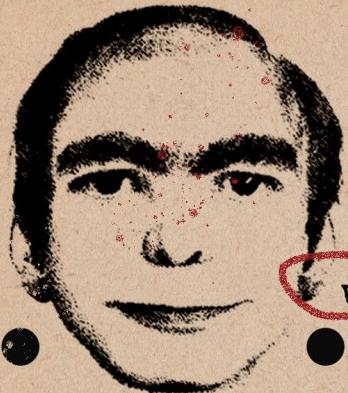
NOT MY PRESIDENTÍČKO

not my presidenticko keeping the far whites out and
keeping the others always other with their backs arched
sucking a wet noodle trying to get stiff in bed bc we
spent 1% of the defense budget on a silver glistening and
shining pair of crocks.

not my presidentčko taunting "terror" with "freedom" t-shirts for half off if you buy now and pledge you are not them, but here with us behind this wall, protecting you from them and then them and then them and then

your neighbor knocks on your door and she is 87 years old and her family left the city and her ankles gather on the floor, and she extends her hand, and she speaks no language, and she gestures you to follow, and she sits on her bed, and her room smells of spring, and she points to the dresser, and she waits patiently in silver, and in the drawer is shakespeare, and she speaks no language, and she gestures you to read, and she speaks no language, and she falls asleep, and her curled red lips turn cold, and gently you place the book back in the drawer and silently you leave.





KROTCHE

missed konnections

write to us: KROTCHE (AT) OBJECTPARADISE.COM

M4F (YOU MISSED A CONNECTION, TINDER) - This goes to all the 948 girls I swiped right on--- you missed genuine connection with a guy who has access to a motorcycle.

W4M (BUS DRIVER, I35, FLORA) - You were driving your big bus, the I35, to Flora. Forearm tattoo with an all-seeing eye. Clearly Slovak. You made my knees go weak! I'd really like to take you to coffee. Or tell him I said so. Am I going to look for him on the bus? I never go out there. Don't make me get weird.

M4W (TALL & SLENDER, IP PAVLOVA) - We had a moment maybe (three?) weeks ago at IP. You looked like you were from New York. You walked like you were from Krymska. I suggested we take the 98 sometime and you didn't get what I meant. Just wondering if you heard me wrong. Your name was ~~Yenonika~~.

W4W (MISSING TOOTH GIRL, HOLOSVICE) - We were at a jam session and you were using two harmonicas as drumsticks and holding a drumstick in your mouth where a tooth should have been. It was fucking hot. I wish I had the confidence to say something. I was sitting in the back making sketches of the whole thing. Hope I can show you someday.

M4M (LETNANY, PRAGUE) - How do I tell my girlfriend I don't like her poetry and I feel uncomfortable with what her poet friends have done to her? We used to be able to disagree about things.

W4W (IS THERE CHEMISTRY?) - We've been working together for the last four years and I wonder if you still have the same thoughts as me...you know i'm shy, and you're always around me...touching my hair and breathing down my neck. I think of that evening in Zizkov often.. we could get a small flat in vinohrady with a fridgerator.

M4W (WOMAN WHO RESCUED 9KG ORANGE CAT, PRAHA-DOLNI MECHOLUPY) - To the gal that adopted an orange cat outside of humane society. Blitz is his name he's an overweight manx (no tail) fluffy orange cat. I just miss him I came to the shelter to visit him and found out he had been rehomed. I dont have a place for him but would love to keep in touch with the girl that does. I just want to tell her he had his own baby basinette that he loved at my house, and that he loves ice water. Also he needs the kind of food that doesn't cause sturvit crystals. And I would like you to tell him I still love him and I'm sorry.

AWW MAN

RADIO & BOOKING RECCOMENDS

NOV 24

Swain + Stres + Tér
AT Underdogs'

NOV 25

Children + Svaz + Gertie Adelaido
AT 007

NOV 27

Noix + Zomhiero Martin + Nuummite
AT Cross Club

NOV 28

Hothouse + Madigans + Walter Frosch
AT Puctum

DEC 06

Favorite Obsession + Barbora Cihak
+ JAF 34
AT Klubovna

DEC 07

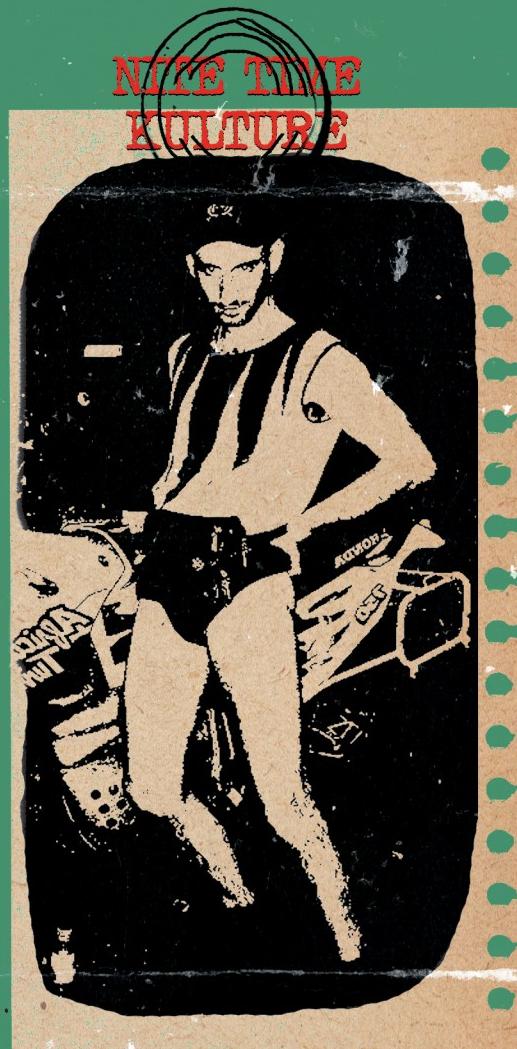
Aww Man Presents :
Héloïse Francesconi + Anastasiya Voytyuk
+ .MTHRFVXR. + YS
AT Klub Famu

DEC 20

Oldrich Janota family benefit w/ Vole + Bibione
+ Tomáš Palucha + FVCK_KVLT
AT Underdogs'

DEC 31

Aww Man Presents :
Diensthund + Alpha Strategy + Tilikum
+ Keiko Sei + Ivy Z
AT Underdogs'



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